

JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 26.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1884.

NO. 48.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER, INDIANA, BY

CLEMENT DOANE.

OFFICE.—IN COURIER BUILDING ON WEST SIXTH STREET.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1.50
For six months, : : : : 1.00

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For square, 10 lines or less, 1 week, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.

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July 1st, 1884—1y.

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SCIENTIFIC DENTISTS,

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All work warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed. Our long experience in the profession, and use of none but the best materials, enables us to do this.

Office in St. Clair Hotel building, up stairs.

Sept. 28, 1883—1y.

PITTSBURG WATER ELEVATOR

—AND—

PURIFIER!

THE BEST PUMP MADE.

BECAUSE it is the only device for raising water that will destroy insects and purify wells and cisterns; it will never freeze; it is easily operated.

Call and See one in Operation at

JOHN A. SEMMERSHEIM'S,

AGENT, JASPER, IND.

June 12th, 1884—1y.

Over the White House fence.

Catch on, boys. The tune is "Over the Garden Wall." Sing:

Jim Blaine stood under under an apple tree.

Over the White House fence,

And sighed as he reached for the Presidency.

Over the White House fence,

He'd monopoly votes in his carpet sack.

And he stood on the arch of John Logan's back.

But the requisite stature he seemed to lack.

Over the White House fence.

Chorus—

The prospect wasn't immense,

For Cleveland's on guard, in that backyard.

And struck out hard, when a mug hit.

Was poked in view to be mauled and married.

Over the White House fence.

He reached and he squirmed and he sigh'd in vain.

Over the White House fence.

'Twas evident Jim was burdened with pain.

Over the White House fence.

His fix was sufficient to make him feel sick.

For he had to get down off his perch mighty quick.

Or be knocked from it by a Democrat brick.

Over the White House fence.

To add a new cloud to our here's plight.

Over the White House fence.

Ben Butler's bald head soon appeared in sight.

Over the White House fence.

The vision so staggered Jim, there and then.

He gave forth a sob, about six O.

Remark: "Has a-b-1 broken loose again?"

Over the White House fence.

Then Fisher and Mul, behind Jimmy B. slipped.

Over the White House fence.

And both of his coat-tails they firmly gripped.

Over the White House fence.

He saw 'twas no use to be fighting fate.

So off on his ear he began to skate.

While Grover shouted, "Next time try the gate."

And not the White House fence.

Chorus—

Over the White House fence.

The prospect wasn't immense,

There never was yet

Such fame and fro,

And you can bet

We never will let

Such chaps as Blaine and Logan get

Over the White House fence.

For the Jasper Courier.

The Schools and Politics.

BY COLLIN CLOUT.

A short time since, while attending a

county institute, my attention was directed

to several young (and fresh, too) teachers,

who wore the democratic and republican

ensigns respectively, and one of them even

wore both—one on each side. Now my opinion is that right there

they were giving offense to the other teachers

present. I do not wish to be understood as saying that a teacher

should be neutral in politics, that he should not

discuss political topics in a frank and honest way; but I am opposed

to all such outward manifestations of political

belief on the part of the teacher. I simply brought this

to the attention of the institute, but I have no doubt that I

voiced the sentiments of a majority of teachers. The above named instance set me to thinking, and I thought of the control

which politics have over the management of our educational affairs.

"I don't think politics ought to be brought to bear on the schools at all,"

heard a friend of education remark once, and I always did agree with him. Politics

have a strong hold upon the schools, and it will require long time and strong

efforts to release that hold, to purify the schools of all political influence. To illustrate

the influence of politics over educational affairs, let us cite an instance. Suppose

we live in a county which is one-sided, politically. The trustees of the various townships are all democrats

or republicans, as the case may be. The time for the election of a County Superintendent

is at hand. As a matter of course, those trustees will select for the office a man of their politics, notwithstanding

the fact that he is not half as competent to discharge the duties of that responsible office as his opponent, that

he is better qualified to drive an ox team than reign in the realm of education. lucky."—Chicago Tribune.

The opposing candidate for the office, perhaps an old and experienced teacher,

who has always kept abreast with the spirit of the times, is ignored by reason

of his political views. It seems scarcely necessary to appeal to the intelligent citizen

for his opinion as to the right or wrong of this matter. Any fair minded person

will say: "This ought not to be thus." It ought not to be thus, but it is, and something must be done to remedy

the evil. We must educate the rising generation to a better sense of their duties

as American citizens. We must impress upon them the idea that in the selection

of any official of whatever department of government, we must banish all politics, church, friendship, relationship,

or personal preferences, and consider the efficiency of the candidate only. Most especially is this required

in the selection of school officers. If we have a good man in office, we must respect

him by all fair means. The longer such a man can be induced to remain in office,

the better it will be for the schools. Two years ago, we had in our state for

state superintendent as able a man as ever filled the office, but he failed of a reelection,

because he was a republican. In the very election that involved his defeat,

I know of a number of good old-time democrats who voted for that very "republican,"

for the simple reason that he had discharged his duties ably, honestly and faithfully. All honor to those

democrats! I do not wish to be understood as casting any reflection whatever upon the present incumbent of the office.

I believe, from what little acquaintance I have had with him, he is fully capable of coping with the many obstacles that are met with in the responsible

office of State Superintendent. However that may be, it was taking risk to elect him, on account of his youth and the little amount of experience he has

had in school work, while we had positively nothing to fear from the reelection

of that "republican," because, during his two years administration he had

clearly demonstrated to the people of Indiana his ability to manage that complicated

piece of machinery—the schools. Let's have an eternal separation of school and politics; let us also have a lasting separation of school and church!

Teachers, what say you?

A Lakeside Musing.

"Facewell, darling."

The speaker, who was a young man of

twenty-five, with deep, lustrous eyes, soft womanly voice, and a tailor bill of

more than two years' standing, looked up beseechingly at the girl to whom he

addressed these words and waited for her reply. But no answer came. In the West, where the bands of crimson

light that streamed up from below the horizon told of the dying day, angry-

looking clouds were gathering, and an occasional vivid flash of lightning told

of an approaching storm. The wind, which came in fitful gusts, sighed an-
nouncingly in the branches of the lindens that

surrounded Brierton Villa, and the husky, after-supper sigh of a large brindle

cow sounded strangely in accord with its weird surroundings.

The man turns to go. Spite of all he can do there are tears in the brown eyes

that such a little time ago were looking lovingly into those of Beatrice McNulty,

and as he walks slowly down the gravelled path it seems as though the future

held for him nothing but a desolate sorrow that could never know succor or

ending—as though the shadow of a mighty grief had been held by the cruel

hand of fate and drained to its very dregs by unwilling lips. And then, just

as the horizon of his life seems forever covered with the pall of disappointed

hope, he hears the voice of the one woman in all the wide, wide world whom he loves. "Herbert," she says.

In an instant he is by her side. "You called me?" he asks, his face illumined with the tender radiance of a newly-

hope.

"Yes," she answers. "I cannot live without your love, and we will let papa

decide the question over which we came so near making wrecks of our lives. Do you agree to that?"

"I do."

"And so you children have quarreled over what the first child shall be named,

and you are not yet married?" asks Mr. McNulty.

"Yes, papa," replied Beatrice, "I desired to call it Belfry, but Herbert said

that would be too feminine in case it was a boy. He insists on Cleveland, but that

seems so horribly masculine for a girl."

"Why don't you settle on something that would be neither masculine nor feminine? Would that be satisfactory?"

"It would," they answer.

"Then the matter is easily disposed of. Have a name."

"Tell it to me," cries Beatrice, in girlish eagerness.

Bending lovingly over his child, John W. McNulty says in low solemn tones:

"Call it for the preacher who officiated at Blaine's first secret marriage in Ken-

than reign in the realm of education. lucky."—Chicago Tribune.

And Such a Record.

From the Graham (N. Y.) Independent Republican.

There are scores of Republicans who

concede the venality of James G. Blaine,

as exposed by himself in his correspondence with Warren Fisher and proven by

the possession of an immense fortune made in public life without any business

or profession other than politics. But these Republicans are inclined to

vote for Steve Elkins and Powell Clayton's candidate because of the history of

their party. The candidate is bad, they say, but the party's record is good and

the party must be saved. We are not going to ask these apparently honest

souls how the record can be good of a party which strikes down its honest

candidates, such as Senator Edmunds, and elevates to the dignity of standard

bearer and representative the stock-jobbing favorite of Bill Chandler, Secor

Robeson, Warren Keifer and Powell Clayton. But we would ask what is there

in the record of the once grand old party, as made since the death of honest

Abraham Lincoln, to hold to it any conscientious man who believes in clean govern-

ment and the supremacy of honesty over dishonesty in public affairs? Here are

the leading features of the Republican record for the past fifteen years:

The Boss Shepherd frauds.

The Dick Harrington safe burglary

inquiry.

The whisky frauds.

The Freedman's Bureau swindle.

The selling of Indian Post-traderships.

The Belknap impeachment.

The Credit Mobilier frauds.

The Robeson naval frauds.

The Sanborn contracts.

The Indian Bureau frauds.

The Pension Bureau frauds.

The Black Friday rascality.

The theft of the Presidency.

The buying of Indians in 1880.

The glorification of Dorsey as "soap"

manipulator by a vice-President, now President.

The Star Route frauds.

The assassination of President Garfield

by a sportsman.

The forgery by which Volger was

united.

The Howgate frauds.

The Keifer business.

The Burnside robbery.

The Swain swindle.

The frauds in the Medical Bureau of

the Navy Department, not to mention a

long list of other offenses, any one of which ought to and should overthrow

any political party that ever existed in this country.

Is there anything in this record to induce an honest man to violate his conscience

by voting for Mulligan Blaine?

Maine and Blaine Know-nothingism.

(From S. P. Sherwin's letter to Mr. Brown, of Delphi.)

There is nothing in the history of politics

in this country, or any other country for that matter, that for clear cut impudence

and unsurpassable cheek, will equal the claim made by Mr. Blaine upon the Irish vote.

Let us look at the facts a little. Mr. Blaine

has been for upward of twenty-five years an acknowledged power in the State of Maine. It is claimed for him

that he has always been stronger than his party. The leading Republican papers

of the country do not hesitate to claim that the result of the recent election

in Maine was due to Mr. Blaine's personal strength. Now hold your ears

wide open while I tell you, and through you every Irishman in Indiana, that this

State of Maine in which Mr. Blaine has been all-powerful for over twenty-five

years, is the only State in this Union, the constitution of which contains a provision

prohibiting a foreign born citizen from occupying the Governor's chair.

More than this, a foreigner can not be a member of either branch of the Legislature of the State of Maine until after he

shall have been five years a citizen of the United States. He is first denied a vote

as long as he is denied it, under the constitution of the United States, and then he is obliged to wait five years

longer before he can be admitted to the State Legislature. There is, however, nothing inconsistent about this. The

Republican party has always discriminated against the foreign born citizens wherever it could.

In the Republican state of New Hampshire there is a constitutional provision which prohibits a Catholic from being

either a member of the Legislature or Governor. Only three years ago the State amended its constitution, but notwithstanding the fact that it has always

given a Republican majority, an amendment striking out this abominable prohibition clause was overwhelmingly defeated, and it stands to-day as the law of the State.

In the Republican State of Rhode Island there is a property qualification required from the foreign born citizen that is not demanded from the native citizen.

This is a part of the record upon which the Republican party, for itself and more especially for its present candidate, claims the Irish vote.